

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Three Dollars a Year,
in Advance.

No. 24.

MAIL: SEVENTY-FIVE!

ST. C. P. PARSONS.

BEVERLY, Rogers is dying. Please, peace to his soul!

Let's bury it grandly, to its triumphs alive;

And, while laughter is loudest, and merriment:

With dance, song, and mirth we'll ban gay

memories.

Half the Old Year and half in the New,

Old Christmas is with us, happy, jolly, and true.

Ring out the joy-bells! A New Year is born!

Dock it is greenery, crown it with flowers;

Print it with the names of your loved ones,

He writes it grandly while it is here.

Go to each meeting and hearty each greeting;

Mirth, love, and friendship shall join hand in

hand.

Show me a merry while Old Time is passing,

Ring out the joy-bells all over the land!

Guilty or Not Guilty?

A Story of Christmas Eve.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

It was bitterly cold. The snow lay in great drifted heaps about the farm, and lodged in the latticed windows of the house; and in each corner sought some hiding-place from the fierce onslaughts of the tempests which had scattered it hither and thither at its mightiest.

Within, there was coldness, too—not that of wind and weather. It was that unceasing chill, which penetrates to the heart, whenever its healthy channels are stopped by doubt, its pulsation extinguished by misgivings.

A old man was lying sleeping in a little cot. His wife and Miriam. Only a few days before, and every day for nearly four years, he had laughed and cried over it by turns, stopping only in the wild paroxysm of paternal happiness to kiss and comfort Miriam.

But the shadows of unrest pursued him still.

Returning home about a week before Christmas, at an unexpected hour, he had witnessed a strangely familiar parting between his wife and some man—a stranger to him.

"Who was that—that gentleman, Miriam?" he asked.

"Oh, John," she answered, turning very pale. "What have I done. I can not dare tell you, John."

"Miriam!"

"You promised always to trust me, but I knew that one day this would come, and I warned you of it; yes, I warned you of it, John. You will remember me as I expected, and I cannot answer you. I do not!"

"What do you mean?" he said, emphatically. "My promise and your warning referred to your life before our marriage, Miriam. Surely you do not receive secret visitors?"

"I told all sorts of lies in that story, my secret, John. I cannot, must not reveal it for—another's sake. Treat me as of old, I entreat you; give me your sympathy and love—I need it more than you can know."

"Miriam," he replied, "if you really love me, tell me!"

"I turned from her, heedless of the painful look of wild entreaty that passed across her face. He hastily left the room. She sat at the threshold of the door, kissing, in her mad excitement, the place where his feet had trodden, and crying hysterically.

"Cry on, Miriam, to me my husband's confidence and love."

From that hour every passionate appeal and protestation were in vain. He no longer trusted her or loved her. The week was one of intolerable suspense; then Christmas came again—that time of peace, forbearance and good-will, but the icy blast of the cold, unfriendly winter was not yet past. John West's self-willed and self-killing heart.

CHAPTER II.

JHALOURY.

"Was I to blame?" asked John West of his wife, accusing conscience. "How could I know that my neglect was felt or noticed?"

"We cannot know everything," he thought the spirit answered. "In this life we have to take much—very much, upon trust."

"John groaned aloud.

"You were about that Christmas Eve."

"And as comes again," said West, trembling from head to foot.

"You shall see what happened during your absence, friend," said Santa Claus.

It was the well-remembered says party at the farm. Miriam West was sobbing as her heart would break. Her eyes stood the stricken, whose presence had broken the peace of her quiet home. A sickly smile parted his cold lips. He stood erect, defiantly.

"This, then, is all you can give me?" he queried, disdainfully.

"All, quite all. Two hundred dollars more," Miriam, making a gesture of despair, "a hardly enough to take me across the sea," he muttered, scornfully.



John West, his passionate journey brought beyond suspicion, I spoke the fugitive. A wild北風 followed the report.

"I cannot help it, Evan. But for your unlucky presence the other night I would have sold my hand for a thousand dollars. It should have been yours freely. I can ask for nothing more, unless, indeed, I explain all—"

"Thank you. I pledged for many once, and its result was—jail."

"Then you must make the best of what I give you, Evan."

"If I must, I must—but—"

"Do not go now. To-morrow I have determined to tell everything to my husband, and plead for his forgiveness. It should have been done long ago. I know it now. It was a false shame that held me back so long."

"To-morrow," hissed Evan, between his teeth. "To-morrow we shall do this, my boy."

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Remember your oath, Miriam."

"I cannot. It will kill me."

"Better that than—perjury. Think of my sufferings."

"You have no right to involve me with this. I have a right to tell the secret for three years, and it is mine."

"I have worked for you, toiled for you. Every dollar I have earned has been yours—few other women would have done so much."

"I know it, Miriam, and I love you, wrote that I am, for your sake I did it. I hoped to place you above the rest."

"It was very little to him. He could well have spared it, yet he hunted me relentlessly. I threw myself upon his mercy, Miriam, it was my first offence, but a prison was the result. You know how I escaped. Henceforth I sue for mercy to move me to implore you again. You will not do this, John. You will not do this, my boy."

"I will free you from your oath!"

"Evan!" cried West; "you have not escaped me. Then, with sudden, restless steps, he reached the door, and, as he did so, the first murderer exclaimed, as the first murderer exclaimed, as he beheld his handwriting, "Oh, God! what have I done?"

For an instant he gazed with horror upon the unfamiliar scene. Evan lay still, lifeless apparently, upon the snow. From a wound in his side the blood trickled, and tinged the pure snow with its grisly hue. The body lay stiffly from the sickening sight directly toward the village, where his haggard looks were noticed and mentioned half in secret. "He looks like a ruined man," he heard one whisper to a friend. He called for brandy at the village inn, and, thrown down on a familiar, familiar bunk, dropped and waited for the clowns. Wandering out into the road again he raised up his arms insanely and murmured:

"My child! my little daughter Mills!"

Miriam, meanwhile, recovering from her faint, tortured by a dread anxiety, followed her footsteps in the snow.

Wandering out into the road again, she crossed the fence where Evan lay, bleeding and unconscious.

"Not dead!" she cried. "Surely not dead, and at my husband's hand! Have I this sin to answer for? He cannot, must not die!"

"John West's misery was mine," he replied, "not that fate may be mine."

He gave her one rapid glance, and left her handily. He knew not what to do. Should he leave the child to the tender mercies of the woman of whose falsehood and faithlessness he had, as he thought, sufficient proof? Heaven forbid! How could he hope that the child would receive any portion of her love and tenderness? Yet he could not cast out little Miriy with the charity of strangers. Perhaps (and that would be worse infinitely) she would teach the child to loathe the memory of her father.

What would they say of him he wondered? When he was miles away, as he hoped to be next day, would they brand his name with infamy? Was he a murderer? Surely the child was justified in the vindication of his honor?

Honor? What honor had he? Was

he not an outcast now, a fugitive, a wanderer?

"A merry Christmas to ye, West."

It was the greeting of a passing village who had recognized him. John West started and turned pale. He knew that his face betrayed him. He felt how pale it was. He knew that the blood had left his parched lips and fled into his tanned and swollen eyes. He tried to mutter a word, but no words could come. He could not return that honest, homely greeting.

"Great heaven! you are sick, man?"

The villager next said. "How you tremble, man."

"It is nothing," said West, forcing himself to speak. "I think I am better now."

"You don't look it. One would think you had met with evil spirits—ghosts."

"'Phaw! there are no such things."

"Or a dead body?"

"A what?" screamed John West, trembling visibly now. Had the man seen anything? he wondered.

"'Or a dead body?'" he repeated.

"'Or a dead body

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"Gone," she answered, and her sobs broke forth anew. "He has not returned since—. Oh! Evan! he has taken away my child!"

Her brother groaned. All Miriam's troubles had originated through him he knew. However soft his recent life had been, he was not quite devoid of feeling yet, and he bitterly regretted the course which had compelled him to sacrifice her peace and happiness.

He recited again. "On the day following Miriam came to a post-office and from the files learned that at the same time to go into hiding of her husband. The letter contained no name. The villagers noted all they knew of his odd conduct in the quietest tone, but he had returned to the village in spite of their warning."

"You are mistaken, surely," said one. "John West would never play hide and seek like that! Run away? Why, only last night we were talking (he seemed a little strange in his manner, certainly), talking of a surprise party for the day to-day. He had run away from home, I am sure, as if he had forgotten something and must hasten home. Run away? It's a trick he's putting on us, you may depend on that. I'd as soon believe that it was myself that was on the way to California this moment, anxious, fearing of some direful accident, and as John West is doing also."

The shot hung heavy. She could not tell them of her wounded brother, nor of the child's absence. Those are themes too sacred for such casual talk. He had not passed through the village. He had not traveled by rail. This she had learned, and was all she had learned, from the boy. But she longed to know the facts when rumor, with her ever willing tongue, made common sport of her denunciation, and heaped coils of fire upon her head by vilifying her name and her absent husband's too. She even began to doubt that the boy had not lied, for he had given his word, and it was a verifying thought that prompted her to hope that he would, by some means, gain tidings of Evan's recovery and relationship, and return to her speedily. If not, all would be explained and set right one day, and it would all be the brother's fault and happen for this time.

The hours were spent. It was the topic of the hour. The villagers, who had held John West so high in their esteem, shook their heads very gravely and said something must be wrong. Then when the scandal increased, they shook their fists as well as their heads, and it would have fared ill with John West if he had returned to his home just then.

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Accompanied by the child, John West traveled over the country roads, by rail, by steamboat, by the road, often in darkness and under many aliases. At length he decided that it was safer to assume his own name, because the child would sometimes lie among strangers, and that would create suspicion. He was in quite a different part of the country now, and had learned that people did not know him there.

He had a little money, and until that was nearly gone he traveled constantly from place to place, uncertain which to make his home, or in what capacity to seek employment. The latter point was settled, not against his will, but quite by chance.

He was staying at an inn, where also were boarding, temporarily, a company of actors, who were traveling through several States, performing, to well-paid audiences, a favorite drama; and, by some chance, John West and little Milly were thrown into the society of the players. They were invited to this company. The ladies, no women always do who have none of their own, praised the child, and pitied her because her mother was dead (whereas John West wished), and desired to purchase her for her weight in gold, and performed several other fanciful freaks with Milly, until John's discomfiture, for the boy, was never known him.

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"If you should resemble John," the manager often said, "we may make something of the child." Prodigies are common. In a year or two she might do something remarkable, and, under instruction, make a fine position in our estimation."

But John's child was not born to be an actress, he said, and he didn't believe in prostitutes or anything of the kind. He was content to have the child educated in some way. So in one capacity or another he remained in connection with the company for a year or more, until one day they were venturing upon forbidden ground—going too near to dangerous pastimes. So John West, upon some timely protest from his daughter, with the salary due to him, departed with the company due to him.

He came to this city then, ever hiding from the sight of any whom he thought might recognize him. Accustomed now to the society of actors, he frequented their haunts, and became known as "West, the Maud." West, the Maud, was received with other playful apppellations, a like nature.

When there was a vacancy to tend the stage door of the theater, West joyfully accepted it. His cited duties were to man the faces of those who passed his office, forbidding access to the treasures of unmentionable vice, to run on errands to the manager's room, and to take charge of the boxes of night. How he was to be recognized! Here he could learn one day to forget! Here he could strive to make Milly truly happy!

Buried in this dingy place he had remained to this day, when memory played the traitor, and those were re-created vividly before his eyes. How he never yet expressed the slightest disquietude, in a random way, he would stand for a few moments at the

open door, looking upward to the sky, except when at Christmas time the stars fell in the snow. Then he would sigh weakly, while brushing it away, and taking Milly into his arms, caressing her tenderly.

Milly responded slowly. Miriam grew silent, too, for her love had expressed itself in a new glow. Then he would sigh weakly, while brushing it away, and taking Milly into his arms, caressing her tenderly.

"How are you?" she asked. "I can't tell you how bad I feel. I'm afraid I shall be fagged if I remain," he said. "And you will lose me, anyway. Besides, your husband is in Europe, doubtless. I might find him and restore him to you."

"But this won't do," Miriam replied. "John had taken passage in a New York steamer, she would already have received information of it. Her diligent inquiries had resulted in utter failure. Meanwhile, without her brother's knowledge, she had written to him, telling him of her whereabouts. He had come to New York a week ago, and was now a little anxious, which contained tidings of the death of Evan's persecutor.

"So you need no longer suffer alarm, dear Evan," she said. "You must assume your proper name and station here. I shall appoint you a member of the faculty during the summer term. Your earnings will, of course, be accepted by the school."

After some demur he accepted the stewardship. That was an evil hour for Miriam West.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEDICAL MUSIC.

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF CURSE.

There is a curious article in Dr. Burritt's History of Music, "On the Medical Powers attributed to Music by the Ancients," which he derived from the learned labors of a modern physician, Mr. Vane, who deserves a plaudite. The author states that music could play a tune well, as a physician, though he had no musical training, could cure a patient of the pains of the scrotum, and that independent of the greater or less skill of the musician. By flattering the ear and diverting the attention, and accompanying certain vibrations of the nerves, it can remove those obstructions which occasion this disorder. M. Vane, and many modern physicians, and physicians have believed that music has the power of affecting the mind and the whole nervous system, as to give temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a radical cure.

However, some houses exhibit high pitch, but not certain numbers, representing the Greeks array as employing music to stay the ravages of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appear not to have been much further advanced in civilization; accordingly we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental damage caused by his loss of parents. A man of care was suggested as a common case in those days by Paul's sermons, and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Paul, with poetic license, speaks of Eusebius healing bodily disorders with another song. Hippocrates and Shakespeare mention the same music supererogatory.

Kingsley's "Mumbo Jumbo" beweans "Travels" relate the effects of music on those who are bitten by the tarantula.

The ancients record miracles, at least some in "the golden legend" appear to be more so than the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever which had been regarded as a common case in those days by Paul's sermons, and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Paul, with poetic license, speaks of Eusebius healing bodily disorders with another song. Hippocrates and Shakespeare mention the same music supererogatory.

"We've more reasons than you will be quite willing to believe to regard that Mr. Ward has gone," returned the master, significantly.

"Well, now, in God's name, speak out! Have you any new reasons for thinking he took the money that has been paid him?"

"He has taken with him an additional sum, thousand," said Mr. Vane, with emphasis.

"I told you, sir, that I felt unkind of him to give him so little, but as you empowers him to do what he pleases, I'll let him go."

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January 9, 1873.]

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to tell you anything but the truth. On that fatal night when they induced me to enter the room where my wife was shut up, with the hope that I might calm her frenzy, as you remember, I found her so seemingly rational, that I began to upbraid her, when, without a moment's warning, she sprang from the folds of her dress, and plunged it into her own bosom, with a cry that brought in Blount and Payne and the woman of the house from the next room. They had heard my voice in anger, and as they rushed in, she cried out, "You have killed him! You have told all at last!" I believe Blount and Payne, at first, but I am persuaded he lied to me in the end when I told him how it happened. You know of my escape and final arrest, and how Lenox threatening me with punishment for the supposed murder of George Danvers, my wife's father, if I should declare my real name or appear in any of your former friends, I was compelled to make some painful arrangement, to keep the unknown man I had assumed. And thus, while Casper Lenox continued to perpetrate his iniquities with a high hand, I was committed handcuffed into the custody of the sheriff, and forced to renounce even my very name.

"Merciful heaven! couldst thou permit an innocent man to suffer thus!" exclaimed the woman, tearfully, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "Ah, no! for you must remember George Danvers' unavenged death! I had gone at that hour of the night to bear, as we supposed, a dying man, Leontine, as I passed beyond his bed-chamber door. I recognized you at the window without. Amazed and horrified, for I knew what would be the result if he beheld you, I saw him turn as you stepped in, and, in the fierceness of his wrath, start toward you. Then followed the murderous discharge of a pistol, and, as the smoke died away, your wife's father lay dead at your feet."

"Yet I swear to you that I did not fire that pistol," reiterated the unhappy man, with an earnestness that it was difficult to discredit. "I had gone there, as Miriam Dupre had told me, that he had no right to withhold from me the price of his services, and to my wife through her mother, and, hoping, on account of her illness, to obtain some concessions from him, for the sake of my innocent child, if I should promise to bring her back. The window stood open, as you say, for it was midsummer, and, while I hesitated in what manner I should have shown my presence, he turned on me, as you know, and, I swear it, the pistol was fired directly behind me, though by whose done, and for what purpose, unless it was the devil's own work that I might appear guilty, I do not know."

"I do not forget," continued Maude, incredulously. "George Danvers himself, pointing to the chair by which you escaped, declared you his murderer with his last breath."

"How can I forget it?" cried Arnold Leslie, as we may truly call him, "when even yet I seem to hear the heart and cry that beat against me! No, I do not forget it. Through the terror and confusion of the moment I might almost have questioned my own innocence, had I not found my pistol in my breast with every barrel loaded! You do not believe me I see, and I believe that I should receive a second sentence of death on the evidence. But I am here to lessen the possibility of future recognition and identity."

"And how can I help you?" she asked. "Give me money," he answered, excitedly. "Philip Danvers' money, if you will. I shall not hesitate to use it; for a large portion of that which is now going to the beggarly crew about him, also by every law of equity be mine. I expose my misery before him in my present destitution, for hunger and want have driven me into the busy thoroughfares of men that I seek relief. I locate myself in these wretched garments. My old passion for the luxuries of high life has not deserted me, even under the weight of years and shame that have intervened. Bring it then from Philip Danvers if you will, but money I have not!"

"And suppose I refuse," she replied, "to devote his well-meant, though unmerited kindness, to pander to the vices of his family's destroyer?"

"Woman, beware how you taunt me with the crimes of which I have sworn to you my life against me!" "Or you bring me to them at last by telling me to revenge all my wrongs even upon you. What do you think that I now lead is worth to me? If it is to continue thus always, I prefer death, and the sooner the better. I might have had a little episode in our prison life, of which you are ignorant. Your husband came up to me one day, face to face, in the work-room. The guard was just outside the door, and he spoke to me, or rather kissed between his clenched teeth, that he owed his fall to me, and his imprisonment to my hated blood. He hinted that Leontine's child might not have been buried with her, as I had been, among Payne and others; but that the boy still lived in my fifth and degradation in which he had been reared by his command. Then he fell upon me, and would have murdered me then and there I am sure, had he not been dragged away and put in chains. He had come to others afterwards that he had made up the story to torture me; but the feel of my misery became stronger and stronger of me each day that the boy still lives, grown to manhood now, and that through him I may at least recover my lost estate."

"Suppose that he should have survived, in blissful ignorance of the fate of his son, and of the secret of his birth?" "That he may have fallen into kind and honored hands, and is to-day loved and esteemed for his worth, would you drag him down to your level?"

"I would tell him of his father's unjust suffering," replied Arnold Leslie, proudly lifting his head. "I would give him his true name, and bid him claim the favor of a man of inheritance. Only tell me where I may find him?"

"You were told that he slept in his mother's grave," replied Maude, averted her head. "And you forgot that I, myself, fled from that wicked abode on the same night, and never returned. I, too, was told that the child survived the mother but a few hours."

"Then the boy is lost," returned the man, moodily. "And now listen to me. In the prison interview of which I speak, Casper Lenox told me of the world he had quitted, and the wife he had renounced, that he might be revenged on me, but he said nothing of his child. I see that you have strangely kept him in ignorance of his son's existence. Now the young man is esteemed and has friends, as in your supposed case awhile ago. Now suppose the father returns and makes himself known as an old covey, thus blighting the boy's prospects for life?"

"He is dead to us," replied Maude, with a choking sob. "For he has promised to protect me no more. Why should he? His professed regard for me had grown the violet mockery long before your greatest crimes or misfortunes."

"Any misfortunes; it is the true word," responded the man, angrily. "But to you Casper Lenox does not a now a son of a father and helpless woman, for you are not so pretty and gifted and prosperous son to provide for him in his old age. His nature is not softened, as you may imagine, by his long confinement. When he comes out, I am sure he will do now—for the five additional years added on account of his attainments—will expire in a short time—I will only have to hint to him the existence of his son to make him seek you out."

"Ah! my God! you will spare me that? I had intended to escape. He has always imagined St. Julian to be my nephew,"

"I might be unpleasant if you accept my confession. I am unable to work, and I am unwilling to starve. My letters of recommendation are not sufficient to get me into business just yet, and it is particularly necessary that I should pay as I go now, and not make a bad reputation. I must dress decently, and I will not neglect lodgings. You can give me what you please before this morning, and I can call again before it is exhausted, to receive the larger supply you must get from Philip Danvers. I see you looking impatiently toward the door; you are expecting visitors, perhaps, and I would not be a good companion for them. You can dismiss me at any time," and he folded his arms upon his breast.

"I am expecting my unhappy son!" cried Maude, bitterly. "Here is my purse. Take it, and be gone. It is all I have. But, oh, Arnold Leslie! do you not think at this last degradation?"

"I would have done so, unless your husband had forced me to it," he answered.

"Then take it, it is heaven's name, and go. My son observed you with displeasure on yesterday, and he would be most angry to find you here. Go, in mercy to me!"

"This is a small sum," he said, slowly opening the purse and counting the contents. "It will not serve to buy me a suit of clothes in the mode; and I shall be, as far as all other wants are concerned, no better off than when I came."

"It is a quarter of my son's yearly salary!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Take it to squander as you will in the grand manner. It has made you the jest of very young men a quarter of a century ago, to waste at the gaming-table, and in every other dissipation—"

"Gentlemanly dissipation," he interrupted. "They used to call me the Count of Monte Christo. With what significance could they do so now?"

"But, Arnold Leslie, mark my words," she said, "you will be a man of wealth. Take it, and I will bring a crown upon you."

"I am a small sum," he said, slowly opening the purse and counting the contents. "It will not serve to buy me a suit of clothes in the mode; and I shall be, as far as all other wants are concerned, no better off than when I came."

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NOW AND THEN."

BY H. R. W.

Beneath the shade of an ancient yew
There seems such difference to my view
As when I was a boy, so great and true,
And this is the first time I have seen.
The contrast makes me crave, too,
And rather wish to die than do.

Oh, would I had lived in the days of old,
When the world was young, and its heart beat
With a strong and noble, better than the truth tested;
Eric was then a hero, and the world was free.
Eric was then a hero, and the world was free.

Such were my thoughts when under the tree,
When from the spell of its age I was free.
And when I was a boy, so great and true,
And this is the first time I have seen.
The contrast makes me crave, too,
And rather wish to die than do.

He is dead to us," replied Maude,

"For he has promised to protect me no more.

Why should he? His professed regard

for me had grown the violet mockery

long before your greatest crimes or mis-

fortunes."

"Any misfortunes; it is the true word,"

responded the man, angrily. "But to you

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I had intended to escape. He has al-

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pecting visitors, perhaps, and I would

not be a good companion for them.

You can dismiss me at any time," and

he folded his arms upon his breast.

"I am expecting my unhappy son!"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



SANTA CLAUS AFTER CHRISTMAS.

BY IDA FAY.

The streets shone as if they were paved with diamonds under the great round winter moon and the lights which flashed so merrily from the windows. Tempting, toy-filled windows they were all along the street through which little Charlie was wending his way homeward; for, though the holidays were over, there were toys enough remaining in each store to fill I don't know how many reindeer sledges like the one Santa Claus is always driving in picture books.

It was very cold, and the frost-sprinkles were trying to hide the pretty things and make their own pictures shine instead on the windows. Charlie's little fingers were a tiny purple; but, notwithstanding this, and because of the heat of the hour, he stopped a long time, entirely absorbed in the wonderful sight. He had seen the same things a hundred times before, but they were just as fascinating now as if they were all new to him. The funny round figure of Santa Claus in the centre—not the real Santa Claus, of course, but a waxy or plaster image of him, with a tiny Santa-like smile peeping from his long white beard, and one sitting astride his shining red sleigh, the troops of tiny soldiers, all splendidly attired, all fit for the fight; the nimble jumping-jacks, always ready to perform their wonderful antics before the admiring crowd, and dolls, of every complexion, in every dress, from plump, crying babies in night-dresses, to little old women in high-crowned caps.

He thought it rather strange that Santa Claus should never bring him any fine presents, for everybody said that he carried the daintiest gifts to good children, and he had seen so much in the book which Will Hart had given him. And everybody said that he was a good boy. His mother called him "her little comfort," and he was a comfort indeed, with his many, helpful little ways and stout, loving little heart.

But, though he hung up his stocking over the mantel, and did all possible to the opening of the chimney, Santa Claus hardly ever noticed it at all, and if he did, it was only to drop a few bones, or a penny whistle therewith. Last Christmas there was nothing but a few dry cakes tucked into the toe. Charlie knew every moment he laid eyes on them that they came from Mrs. Smith's little store around the corner, and wondered whether Santa Claus should patronise so poor a place.

"When I grow up," he said, unconsciously speaking aloud, "Santa Claus will see that I can have plenty of fine things without waiting for him to bring them to me, and so will my mother, too. I can pay for my presents under her pillow when she is sleeping, right to surprise her in the morning, and, then, won't she be glad! No old Santa Claus can be as mean as you please, and take all your presents to rich people, if you want to."

"Ho-ho-ho! who's talking in here?" said Santa Claus. "I fancy you didn't think he would be here to listen to every word you said, though, did you?"

Charlie started and looked round, his heart dancing the fastest paces that it ever danced before in all his life, and there was a little fat old man with a face as round and rosy as an apple, and a little twinkling in his eyes. He was just like the pictures of Santa Claus for all the world; but whoever heard of Santa Claus promenading about the streets just like anybody else?—and so long after Christmas, too!

Charlie had always heard that just as soon as Christmas was gone he hurried back, reindeer, stage and all, to his own home in Elstid, and he had appeared again until next Christmas came round. He could hardly believe that it was "Santa Claus" standing beside him; but, for all that, he was terribly frightened, and his first impulse was to take to his heels; then he thought it would be much braver to stand by ground, and if it were Santa Claus indeed, it would be far better for him to do so, for he well knew that Santa Anna did not like wayward boys. So he stood quite still on his sturdy little feet, prepared for the worst.

"So you call Santa Claus mean, do you?" said the little man, his jolly round face bent into as fierce an expression as such a jolly-faced face could wear.

Charlie scolded himself a little further away, and was silent, since he could not deny that he had spoken thus concerning his lordship.

"You're a bold fellow, I should say," began the little old man again, placing his hand on poor Charlie's shoulder.

"Very few small boys would dare to talk to the way about me. Didn't I ever carry you any presents, eh?"

"Oh, you're a fat-fingered Char-

lie; for he wouldn't have Santa Claus think that he wasn't grateful for what little brought him, for worlds."

"But never anything very nice, I suppose. Pray, didn't we put into your stockings, last Christmas? I can't remember, myself. I have to go down so many chimneys, and there are so many little boys' stockings that I cannot keep them all in mind."

"Some cakes," said Charlie.

Though his voice was very hard to find, he was afraid not to answer.

"Indeed," said Santa Claus; "and what all?"

Charlie nodded in the affirmative.

"And were they good cakes?" he questioned again.

"Pretty good," said Charlie, beginning to be less afraid, and wondering how such a fat fellow ever got through their little crooked chimney.

"Pretty good," repeated Santa Claus, in a somewhat angry and excited tone.

"And you dare had fault with my gifts in that way?"

Charlie was so frightened that he nearly lost his breath, and he leaned his ragged little shoulder against the side of the building for support; but a funny twinkle in Santa Claus' eyes, which contradicted his severe tone, reassured him somewhat.

"I liked the cakes very much," said he, falteringly, "only Mrs. Smith doesn't generally make good cakes, and I don't know by their looks that they came from her store."

Santa Claus actually laughed.

"Plums in the cakes, I suppose," said he.

Charlie shook his head.

"Well, well, that was hard," said Santa Claus, briskly; "but, then, I suppose I carried you enough the year before to make up for the lack this year."

"I had some candy in my stocking, though, but it was too warm in the chimney-pipe, and it was almost melted when when I took it out, so I ate it up at once."

"Huh!" said Santa Claus, energetically shaking his head. "A piece of candy isn't much of a present, anyway, and especially a melted one! But it was a good present, though, and so sorry, and I was a good boy. I should be sorry, and blame myself very much. I often make any mistakes of that kind, though. Come here under this lamp-light, where these stockings are hung altogether. Come here under this lamp-light, where these stockings are hung altogether. Come here under this lamp-light, where these stockings are hung altogether."

"Huh! the bats have begun 'tis thy death knell, Old Year; We'll be about this business."

"That's the way for good boys to go without Christmas presents, and 'tis time now, if Christmas has gone by."

As he seized the astonished little boy by the shoulders, and led him into the brightly lighted toy store.

How wide and round Charlie's eyes were!

"Now what is it?" said Santa Claus, merrily, puckering up his ruby lips to try a little glibbed trumpet. "Take your time! Here are drums, rocking-horses, jumping-jacks, spinning-topes, and I even sitting astride his shining red sleigh, the troops of tiny soldiers, all splendidly attired, all fit for the fight!"

Charlie looked bewildered and was silent; but Santa Claus kept urging him to take off his clothes. He could hear what he liked best in the whole shop.

He could hardly imagine such blithe would be to possess a drum—a splendid, painted drum, that would make all the boys in the neighborhood; and he could imagine like stars when Santa Claus took up one of the largest and nicest of the drums and placed it in his hands.

"Try how you like the sound of that," said Santa Claus, with a merry tattoo thereon with the drum-sticks.

"Oh, no! I really meant that I may have it for my own," cried Charlie, almost hugging himself with joy.

"Of course you can," said Santa Claus, as if he were as much pleased with that as Charlie himself.

But just then Charlie's eyes happened to fall upon a lady's work-box, furnished daily with thimbles, scissors, wax-modelling, pins, pincushion, and everything that one could possibly need in sewing; and he thought, "If my mother would be to have it, and how nice it would be convenient she would find it." His poor mother who was obliged to earn new night and day to earn their bread. So, suddenly putting the drum aside, he said, falteringly, "If you please, I'd rather have that work-box for my mother."

"Then you take the work-box and give up the drum, eh?" said Santa Claus, opening his eyes.

"If you please," said Charlie, casting a regretful glance at the drum; "my mother has to have all day, and she'll be glad if I give it back."

The Santa Claus bought the work-box; and after thanking him with the brightest face imaginable, Charlie stood for home on the run with the wonder of the world tucked under his arm. But Santa Claus stopped him, and asked him such a heap of questions about his mother and his self.

And Charlie told him their whole and story. How the coins were gone, and the money, no money to buy more, though his mother was so willing mid-night, with her stiff, aching fingers; all the fire they had was made to burn out of doors. Their landlady had threatened to turn them out a mere hole.

"Well," said Santa Claus, "I don't like to see your toes out of your shoes, in January; and I don't like that jacket, either. I wear worn clothes myself, but I'm not so bad."

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And Charlie told him their whole and story. How the coins were gone, and the money, no money to buy more, though his mother was so willing mid-night, with her stiff, aching fingers; all the fire they had was made to burn out of doors. Their landlady had threatened to turn them out a mere hole.

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PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 41, and numbers 18-20 obtained at all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVII.

BREAKING CAMP.

The position of the Indians in the Indian camp was a critical one. All the fierce pride of the natives were stirred up by the deadly conflict in which they had been engaged, and like the tiger of the Eastern jungles, the taste of human blood had awakened in them a thirst for deeper draughts of the fatal excitement of slaughter.

The triumph attending success was theirs, but it was a dearly bought triumph. Their loss had been nearly equal to that of the whites, and they could less afford this fearful thumping of their ranks. All of these had friends or relatives to mourn as dead, or badly wounded, and the fury with which they were likely to be exercised by the tribes for vengeance of their helpless captives.

Captain Allen was much better aware of this dangerous contingency than any of his fellow prisoners, but he kept the disquieting knowledge to himself, inwardly resolving that his life should not be taken without one blow for himself, and out for the beautiful maiden who filled his eyes now for the first time tested.

That she was the daughter of his friend, Major Ambery, he needed no second glance to convince him. That she was the most charming woman he had ever looked upon he told to himself before the minute in which he was in her presence. Frank Allen was too simple to be by nature as yet heart whole. He was, therefore, doubly open to the charms of this new face, to which he fell drawn by a strange and irresistible attraction.

Their common misfortune broke down all bonds of social courtesy, and while she had been held tightly bound, not excepting Miss Ambery this time, and left to themselves, while their savage captors confirmed their pursuit of the retreating soldiers.

"Well, this is comfortable," said Frank, with a feeble attempt at levity. "I hope the ladies are enjoying it."

"I am, but I am not so comfortable under the circumstances," replied Miss Ambery, in the same vein. "We are growing used to being prisoners. Not that we have been so long a time in this situation, but that is an age."

"I don't know," replied Frank. "I have had about five minutes experience and tired of it already."

"What trials were those?" asked Captain Wilson.

"A portion of the garrison of Naconoches," said Frank. "A company of the Fourth Texas Regulars, lately commanded by your humble servant."

"'Of Naconoches!'" cried Miss Ambery, with a look of exultation.

"Yes," was the reply. "I was commissioned by a friend of mine to rescue his daughter, who he feared was a prisoner to the Indians. I have done the next best thing, commenced to share her captivity."

"My father!" she cried, growing pale with emotion.

"Your father, Miss Ambery," replied Frank, "and, permit me to say, the best man in the regiment."

"Is he still in peril? Is there any hope of his release?"

"Every hope," said Frank. "He is still, however, under arrest."

"Oh, that I was with him! This horrible captivity may be fatal to both of us. If I was but with him to release him from his fate!"

"You release him?" cried Frank, in surprise. "I fear, Miss Ambery, you could scarcely do that. Even the appeal of a daughter would have little effect upon the stony heart of Colonel Brown."

She made no reply. Her face was buried in her hands, the tears oozing from between her fingers. For the first time since her captivity had she given way to weeping.

"You are mistaken," said Captain Wilson, in a low voice. "Miss Ambery could do what she says. She bears papers releasing her father from arrest and trial, signed by President Lamar."

"And she held here by these blood-thirsty wretches!" cried Frank, with sudden anger. "They will be lucky if they hold me long; I will go through fire and water to set Major Ambery free, but shall that panderer? If the rebels only leave me alive to do it," he added, in a low tone.

The thought that crossed his mind seemed shared by the wounded chief. The latter, since his momentary exertion had remained seated on a protruding stone in the centre of the camp, apathetically listening intently to the sounds of discord and strife.

But stragglers from the fray were now returning to the enclosure, their faces dark with passion, while several bore at their sides the fatal evidence of Indian battle, the bleeding seals of the slain.

Many were garrisoned with their triumph, but viewed with fierce eyes the faces of the dead; head, with a awakening passion, the grizzly of the wounded, yet lying where they had fallen in the combat.

Fury looks were turned upon the prisoners, who were all unconscious of this dangerous play of human passion. They had no time to think of the knife or the tomahawk, as it went intent to take instant revenge for their losses.

The chief, Lone Star, failed not to see these threatening indications. He rose from his seat and spoke earnestly to the Indians for several minutes, pointing to his wounded arm and to their female captives.

It was evident that gratitude for the service rendered him was at work in his heart, and that Nellie Ambery had won an efficient protector by her impulsive act.

At the end of his short speech, two of the Indians approached the prisoners, removed the bonds from their feet, and conducted them to their huts. They did so, and were taken to the huts provided in the centre of the enclosure, the two females being obliged to enter one, the two soldiers being confined in another, while an Indian stationed himself on guard over each hut.

The savages were now rapidly return-

ing to the camp, the pursuit having been given over. Shouts and peals of triumph gave the savages cause for their mirth, especially every side, reaching the tops of the captain with terrible significance.

There had been some losses among the savages captured from the settlers, and a number of the savages sought to obtain this, and add the horror of punishment to the general torture.

But Colonel Bowles, who had returned along with several of the older and cooler warriors, forced the yelling braves back from the store of spoils, which were kept in another of the wigwams, a guard being placed over this also.

"Are the Cherokee fools?" he cried to the savages, who, in their language, as some of the border savages sought to force their way past the guards. "Will they sell themselves to the soldiers for a draught of fire-water?"

"How many men have we here?"

"Not forty brave, all told."

"Those who are out on the war-path will not be able to assist us," he said to the Indians. The savages bear the deepest animosity.

"The Cherokee fools!" he cried again to the savages, who, in their language, as some of the border savages sought to force their way past the guards.

The tired scouts quickly dropped off into slumber within the shelter which the Indians had not taken the trouble to make.

The night passed quietly on. The moon rose higher and higher, looking down upon a scene very differently occupied from what it had held on its previous visit.

The weary savages slept profoundly, seeing not the moon, which had risen the month, and was gliding down the western slope, bearing not certain noises in the surrounding forest that would have alarmed their acute senses had they been awake.

Yet these noises were very slight and occasional—the cracking of a dried twig, a rustle of dead leaves, and similar faint sounds.

"We have no protection, here," he continued. "What is the use of twigs to a regiment of pale-faced riflemen? We cannot stay here and be cut to pieces."

"What shall we do then?" cried Lone Star, with sudden fury. "Shall we fly before the men we have beaten? Shall we show the women of the Cherokees that our warriors fly from a handful of pale-faces, or from a shadow which Colonel Bowles has raised?"

A chorus of approving cries followed these words.

"No," said the head chief, calmly. "Force must be met with stratagem. We are not fools to stay here and be destroyed. We are not cowards to fly from a bazaar. We are not traitors to our country, nor to the Indians of the country."

A roared shout of approbation followed these words, to which Lone Star once more lent his voice. After a few more words of direction from Colonel Bowles, the Indians spread themselves about the camp, some engaged in preparing a meal for the hungry warriors, some in preparation for sleeping.

The two chiefs meanwhile engaged in an earnest consultation, in which the various details of their project were fully considered.

It was agreed to send the wounded, in charge of a party of their forces, to a rendezvous they had selected.

"The boy, already in the camp, in the same vein. "We are growing used to being prisoners. Not that we have been so long a time in this situation, but that is an age."

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With the first glimmer of moonlight

they were again at the same mo-

ment that the retreating Indians had left the camp to their southward journey, leaving the deserted enclosure to the un-dreamed-of occupants, the lurking savages, Jack Gray and Phil Sawyer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NIGHT ATTACK.

The savages, it must be remembered, were aware of but one of the movements of the savages to which that moon afforded light. The character of the other they shrewdly guessed, but its observation and detection were not so easily conjectured.

It was now time to take action, to be taken to consider. The savages were too well aware of the propensities of their savage foes, not to be fully on the alert.

They had learned from the fugitives where this place was, and their knowledge of the woods was sufficient to enable them to find it, even at night.

But this was a difficult matter to be taken into consideration. The savages were too well aware of the propensities of their savage foes, not to be fully on the alert.

It might prove very dangerous to approach their camp in the night without a password, and with sentiments nervously fearful of an Indian raid.

"It's well enough, Phil Sawyer," said Jack, "for us to risk a bullet from the redskins without having our skins searched by our friends."

"It would be a risky matter to approach their camp in the dark, that's certain," replied Phil.

The savages were now rapidly return-

I vote we stay where we are till day. We've worked two good men's work today and have earned a sound sleep. We've got as much before us to-morrow, and the authorities would remain ignorant of this threatening movement of the enemy.

It was then no time for delay, however. Fires were built, and their breakfast hastily cooked, a liberal allowance of spirits being served out to the soldiers.

This was dinner, and, when cleared and loaded, the men set out along the trail to the south, following the plain trail which the Indians had made.

Loud good-byes were shouted to the scouts, who remained on the edge of the forest watching the free, bold walk of the sturdy woodsmen, who formed the escort.

"A fine body of men, Phil," said Jack, "The Redskins have got the best of them so far, but it won't last. A good rifleman is worth two Indians any day, and it's my notion that the Cherokee are going to get into trouble as far as so far, too," said Phil, smiling broadly.

The night passed quietly on. The moon rose higher and higher, looking down upon a scene very differently occupied from what it had held on its previous visit.

The weary savages slept profoundly, seeing not the moon, which had risen the month, and was gliding down the western slope, bearing not certain noises in the surrounding forest that would have alarmed their acute senses had they been awake.

The tired scouts quickly dropped off into slumber within the shelter which the Indians had not taken the trouble to make.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the morning, and the weary scouts were in their deepest slumber.

"We are not fools to stay here and be destroyed. We are not cowards to fly from a bazaar. We are not traitors to our country, nor to the Indians of the country."

A roared shout of approbation followed these words, to which Lone Star once more lent his voice.

"What shall we do then?" cried Lone Star, with sudden fury. "Shall we fly before the men we have beaten? Shall we show the women of the Cherokees that our warriors fly from a handful of pale-faces, or from a shadow which Colonel Bowles has raised?"

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POWERFUL ACTING.

The little old theatre at Albany, New York, has been made the scene of many curious theatrical stories. One connected, late Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, a young man, given a tremendous display of power to the audience.

He was supposed to represent a Roman warrior, and to be attacked by six minions of a despot tyrant.

At the rehearsals he played the rôle

of the Indian in a

comedy, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the nose of the Roman hero;

another raised his foot

in the air, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the nose of the Roman hero;

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Communications relating contractually to subjects considered in this column should be addressed to "FREDERICK'S SATURDAY EVENING POST."

The swift gliding wheels of Time's chariot, which is not to wait upon man's pleasure, nor is ever impeded by circumstantial, have brought again the holidays—at once the brightest and saddest days of the year. Regret over the vanished hopes and dreams that he folded in the months and days of the dying year cloud the Christmas brightness for many hearts. Let us not forget that a new year is about to begin, bringing an era of better times.

We do not remember to have seen a more abundant provision made for the happiness of the little folks than is exhibited in our brilliant shop windows. It really pounces upon the eye, the innocent variety and abundance presented in every window, gay, nor have we ever seen more elegant costumes than those that throng our fashionable promenades. One of silk and satin, one of lace, another of cashmere, and, as can easily be imagined, they were described in particularly.

The overcoat was of black faille, the front width laid in wide hems to the depth of half the skirt-length. Above it was a wide two-up-and-down. The back was trimmed with three rows of flounce. The overcoat was of fine black cashmere, the open-front cut open and caught together with bows of faille ribbon. It was bound with four upturnings, each side, and at the waist in square buckles laid in plate. A headed passementerie trimming and yak lace, two and a half inches deep, edged the overcoats and necks. The back, waist, trimmings, and shoulders were lined with fannel. The overcoat was of fine black cashmere, the open-front cut open and caught together with bows of faille ribbon. It was bound with four upturnings, each side, and at the waist in square buckles laid in plate. A headed passementerie trimming and yak lace, two and a half inches deep, edged the overcoats and necks. The back, waist, trimmings, and shoulders were lined with fannel. The shape was somewhat after the pattern of the curtain basques, the difference being in the extension of the side pieces, which came down low on the back and waist, and were made of a large square pocket was placed on this long piece, with a button and adorned in the centre with a bow of faille ribbon. The collar was especially novel and stylish. In front it was standing, while what is known as "broken points." In the back, just in the middle, it extended some distance down the back of the basque, in a sort of "jacket" or pleated ruffles, ending in a point. The sleeves were half-tight-fitting, with a deep cuff, and closed with four buttons on the outer sleeve.

The hat worn with this toilette was of gray felt; wide facing rim, turned up behind and in front, and edged with a ruche of feather trimming. A long narrow buttoned gray felt bow was knotted over the back. The bright loops of gray velvet, and a small sprig of French pearl complete the trimming. A set of valences and coverlet's hair cloth was arranged in this manner. The under-set of valence, or if the expense would be too great a valence, to a certain degree, a black is always preferable to a color—made perfectly plain. The over-dress of brocade gray was made with a long deep skirt, edged with braid fringe of a similar shade. It is looped in folds at the sides, drawn tightly over the front, and held in place by braid fringes. The back is a half-tight-fitting, with square pockets and cuffs of black velvet, and fastened in front with large black velvet buttons. Round flaring collar of black velvet, lined with gray silk, coming down in the middle of the back in a double row. A black velvet belt, fringed, gives a finishing touch to the over-dress. Hat of black velvet, with wide rim, and plume of black cock's feathers. Loops of gray faille ribbon, mingled with black velvet, and a gray top or pompon are placed at the left side.

A charming dolman was made of black deep d'ore velvet, the collar in a narrow inches deep, finely beaded edges. It is a flat silk cord and heavy tassel, also flat, and beaded with a fine crocheted passementerie, is pinned on the left shoulder, looped from thence across to the centre of the back, where the tunnels are grossly finished and have down, also touching the bottom of the garment. The wide hanging sleeves are lined with silk and edged with lace.

Another dolman, of fine ladies' cloth, came down in a point in front, short and fastened in place at the waist; behind sleeves very long, trimmed with four rows of blue velvet, and a border of rows for. The sleeves were held in place, or fastened to the garment, by three bows of faille ribbon, one at the top, and one on each side near inches below the upper cuff.

A dress of Havana brown silk had no overcoat. The front was trimmings with deep front and two large bows, the last bound by an upright ruffle. Three deep flounces, each headed with an upright ruffle, trim the back. Rows of failles are placed down the sides, just where the front width joins the back.

A pretty costume of slate-colored velvet. The under-skirt trimmed with first a gathered flounce, then a knife-edge plating, then a narrower gathered flounce, and an upright knife-edge plating. The over-dress was deep and round, looped away toward the back, pinned on the edge with hair pins, and used for a street costume, a cap with a hood attached, somewhat the shape of the beret, with a row of bows down the middle.

A very pretty bonnet had the halo front, inside of which was placed a cluster of large pale pink roses, the material of which was a deep yellowed silk and velvet combined—the soft polished crown of the silk, the front of the velvet. A plume of plum-colored ostrich feathers fell over the back, and a long trailing spray of alternately dark and pale pink.

Another was of black velvet, lined with pale blue silk. A scarf of light blue was wound around the waist in soft folds, and tied in a knot low at the back. Just above the bow is a bright-winged bird, and falling over from the front is a short, closely curved ostrich tip of pale blue.

A charming suit for a little girl was of gray pongee. The single skirt was of two large pale pink roses, the material of which was a deep yellowed silk and velvet combined—the soft polished crown of the silk, the front of the velvet. A plume of plum-colored ostrich feathers fell over the back, and a long trailing spray of alternately dark and pale pink.

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Loops of blue ribbon and an ostrich tip, was worn with this suit.

Turbans and mantoes to match of gray, trimmmed with ribbons for little girls, are made to match the scenes completing the art. Little boys wear turbans and collarlettes of seal, Astrachan, otter, and mink.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. M.—A broad circular of white cashmere, either embroidered, headed, or trimmmed with folds of white gray grain, and edged with a deep knotted ruffle, would be the most appropriate wrap for your year. A little cap or bonnet to match the scene complete the art. Little boys wear turbans and collarlettes of seal, Astrachan, otter, and mink.

ANNIE R. M.—We answer all ques-

tions with the greatest pleasure. First rip your black silk skirt, and spread with white muslin. Get eight or nine yards of new silk; trim the back widths with three deep flounces, headed with a knife-edge plating; trim the front with a knife-edge plating; then the front and back widths side where the front and back widths join; make a deep upon overknot, and edge with fringes or yak lace; have made-in, or one's own, and add a plaid or tartan. Then write and tell us how nicely it looks.

COMING TO WOO.

BY HENRY E. BRADFORD.

When Aunt Phyllida went away, the last thing she said to me was:

"I'm going to send somebody down to see you after long, am I going to act like a sensible girl, and get married?"

"I've got the best farm I know on anywhere in our section of country. You could hear him shouting still, but I couldn't hear him talking all the afternoon.

Jane had been talking all the afternoon. I never saw anyone quite so reduced as she was when I announced that supper was in readiness.

Jane fastened herself upon him, and demanded to know the open-table.

"It's such an awful pity about her."

"She's got a wonderful affectionate way, as she's a awful anxious to be Miss Green; but," and there Mr. Green stopped, disknot.

"I know she is, when she's in the house, she's awfully anxious to be Miss Green; but," and there Mr. Green stopped, disknot.

"I don't think she's in the house,

"I don't